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NATIONAL REVIEW

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August 18, 1956

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Bait for the Homesick

WALTER DUSHNYCK

The Suicide of Wealth

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

The Arrogant Atomic Elite

MEDFORD EVANS

Articles and Reviews by · · · E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN
SAM M. JONES · WILLMOORE KENDALL · FRANK S. MEYER
CHESLY MANLY · RICHARD M. WEAVER · REVILO OLIVER

For the Record

Adlai Stevenson's decision to come out loud and strong for a strong civil rights plank in the Democratic Party Platform, including an unequivocal endorsement of the Supreme Court's integration decision, torpedoed National Chairman Butler's frantic — and unrealistic —attempts to soft-pedal the issue. Immediate southern reaction was so violent that the Stevenson first ballot steamroller may be stopped, although the former Illinois Governor remains the odds-on favorite. Big winner in the civil rights fight could be Stuart Symington, a moderate on the desegregation issue . . . . Stassenites are up in arms over the disclosure that the Republican National Committee is already peddling "Ike-Dick" campaign kits. Stassen Republicans say that when National Chairman Hall talks about an "open" convention he actually means an "open-and-shut" convention.

The "Committee of One Million" is asking every one interested in keeping Red China out of the United Nations to telegraph the Democratic and Republican platform committees and demand that both parties adopt a plank to that effect . . . . The Treasury Department promises to review its year-old determination that, in view of the fact that it is involved in political activities, For America is not entitled to tax exemption. The Department was moved to reconsider after receiving a letter from For America's National Director, Brigadier General Bonner Fellers, listing fifty tax-exempt organizations which regularly engage in Liberal-left political agitation, e.g., the Atlantic Union Committee, the American Jewish Congress, and the Fund for the Republic.

Domestic economic highlights: Since January 1, 1955, bank loans have increased 17 billion dollars, the largest 18-month gain in history . . . . Business failures are running 20 to 25 per cent above last year. In May 1956, 1,164 firms with assets of $60 million went broke as against 955 firms with assets of $35 million in May, 1955 . . . . American farm exports increased 10 per cent in the year ending June 30, but failed to hit a new high. The reason: cotton exports dropped 55 per cent. . . . Of economic interest, internationally: The World Bank had a net income in the last fiscal year of $29 million, up $4.5 million from the year before. During the year, the World Bank lent $396 million to twenty-six groups in twenty countries. . . . Formosa's foreign trade hit a new high the first six months of this year, with a surplus of $8.5 million.

Sir John Bagot Glubb, former head of the Arab Legion, explains Colonel Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal this way. With a string of bloodless victories over the British already to his credit, Nasser, says Glubb Pasha, is "like a man on a bicycle. He has to keep up the pace or he will fall off". . . . Russo-Japanese peace negotiations are deteriorating because of the Kremlin's insistence on retaining the two southern Kurile Islands it was awarded at Yalta. . . . There will be no more official French figures on rebel losses in the Algerian fighting. French authorities fear that public opinion in France—already leaning to appeasement—might become aroused over the soaring casualty rate the Algerian nationalists have recently suffered . . . Unemployment in France is down 39 per cent over a year ago as a result of the mobilization of reserves for service in Algeria.

The flow of political refugees from Communist East Germany increases daily despite reports that living conditions there are improving. The 100,000th East German to escape in 1956 arrived in West Berlin last week. . . . The rebuilding of the Leipzig Opera House has suddenly, after ten years, become a "must." It provides an excuse for East German authorities to remove a statue of Stalin which, until a week ago, stood on the "Opernplatz."

A House Committee has begun an inquiry seeking to determine the source of funds which, channeled through Swiss banks, have been buying into American corporations active in classified defense work. There is some reason to believe that in the current instance some of the anonymous clients now obtaining a foothold in our armament industry may be acting for Soviet principals. . . . A little publicized amendment to the revised Social Security Act gives the courts discretionary power to deny future payments to any person convicted of "espionage, sabotage, treason or subversive activities." . . . The Commerce Department has announced that export privileges will be withheld from a Belgian company which illegally trans-shipped borax bought in the U.S. to Poland and Communist China.

NATIONAL REVIEW

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EDITOR and PUBLISHER: Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.

EDITORS

James Burnham Willmoore Kendall
Suzanne La Follette
Jonathan Mitchell William S. Schlamm

PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES AND CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, L. Brent Bozell, Priscilla L. Buckley, John C. Caldwell, Frank Chodorov, John Abbot Clark, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Max Eastman, Medford Evans, Karl Hess, John D. Kreuttner, Frank S. Meyer, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, E. Merrill Root, Morrie Ryskind, Freda Utley, Richard M. Weaver, Gen. Charles A. Willoughby

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

Geneva: Wilhelm Roepke
London: F. A. Voigt *Madrid*: J. Dervin
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

ADVERTISING MANAGER: Theodore A. Driscoll

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The WEEK

● William Farquhar-Moody, an enterprising and imaginative British businessman, is trying to sell snakes to the Irish—to be used as watchdogs. Farquhar-Moody offers everything from pythons (you leave one in your automobile, for guaranteed protection against theft) to garter snakes (you keep one—and they are available in several colors—in your handbag to surprise the pickpockets). If he has any boa-constrictors for sale, the U.S. Treasury could use a few.

● The attacks on Nixon (see below) continue. "It can't be pinned on Nixon," writes Mr. Hal Burton, columnist for *Newsday*, "but when he ran for Congress against the incumbent, Jerry Voorhis, thousands of constituents in his California district received a telephone call. 'Did you know that Jerry Voorhis was a Communist?' Whoever was calling would hang up. Of course, Nixon issued disavowals, but the phone calls continued. *From this, you can draw a conclusion as to what sort of man he is.*" In such fashion does the columnist attempt to demonstrate that Mr. Nixon is "a squalid person," that never before have we had a Vice President "of such patent cynicism and so lacking in any sort of political morals"— to succeed, only, in compelling conclusions as to the sort of man Hal Burton is.

● Q. Which West European nation is the most pro-American? A. Holland, according to competent observers. Q. How much U.S. government aid is Holland getting? A. *Less* than nothing. Holland is currently repaying U.S. credits extended just after the war. Q. But doesn't Holland like American dollars? A. Very much, of course. And it gets lots of them by selling well-made Dutch products in the American market, and by attracting an American capital investment of more than $200 million since the war. Q. How did such a small country manage to lure so many dollars? A. By cutting red tape to a single official permit, by not interfering with effective operation of the affiliates and subsidiaries of American corporations, by permitting profits to be made and to be transferred. Q. What is the moral? A. Maybe Paul Hoffman can figure it out.

● No one has any business attempting to adjudicate the issues involved in the New Jersey Senate's refusal to confirm Judge John O. Bigelow for a seat

on the Board of Trustees of Rutgers University without reading the full transcript of the Senate Judiciary Committee's interrogation of him. The committee's reluctance to confirm Bigelow, as the transcript clearly shows, is *not* based on the fact that he once represented a client who had taken the Fifth Amendment. What disturbed the majority of the Committee—and, in our view, quite rightly—was his refusal to advocate unambiguously the dismissal of professors who seek refuge in the Fifth Amendment; and, specifically, his insistence that the Supreme Court's decision in the Slochower case is final wisdom on that point.

● The young nation of Burma is beginning to reap the normal rewards of a neutralist policy. Last year she tied up her rice surplus in a much touted ten-year barter deal with the Soviet Union and its satellites. She now finds that they are sending her shoddy, often useless goods and are selling the Burmese rice at high cash prices to India, Pakistan and Malaya. At the end of July, Chinese Communist troops occupied an extensive area of Kashin and Wa provinces in northern Burma, as a step in "rectifying the border." Nehru and Sukarno have made no comment on either the economic or the military aggression of Red China.

● When U.S. Minister to Hungary Christian Ravndal was about to leave his post a few days ago, the Hungarian authorities grounded his plane—because, they said, Radio Free Europe's propaganda balloons had so filled the air as to make flying unsafe; and they were, of course, extremely solicitous for his welfare. A few hours later, having scored their point by forcing Mr. Ravndal to travel overland to Vienna, they let the plane take off. The point? That a gnat buzzing around the ear of an Uncle Sam too dignified to reach for the DDT can make itself a considerable nuisance.

● Six U.S. Congressmen have called upon Khrushchev to include in the rosary of Stalin-Beria crimes a bead for the Katyn massacre—and, on the off-chance that relevant documentation may be scarce in and around Moscow, have offered him evidence on which to base the indictment: a seven-volume report, by a U.S. congressional committee, on the NKVD slaughter of Polish officers.

● A diplomat's lot is not easy in Tibet. Last week, a Nepalese boy of twelve, having been convicted of theft, was sentenced to forty lashes by the count. The sentence, however, was not executed. Instead the boy was paroled to the Nepalese consul on a condition that deeply perturbs the representative of His Majesty, Maharjadhiraja Tribhubana Bir Bikram. If the boy should relapse, the consul must take responsibility. He must, in that event, transport 500 fifty-pound rocks a distance of one mile. Parents of juvenile delinquents take note!

● A House Subcommittee investigating security procedure just before Congress adjourned turned up the plight of the brilliant but insecure scientist. The scientist in question keeps getting ideas of such remarkable ingenuity and usefulness as to be classified "top secret"; and they keep coming out of him, with the regularity of a metronome beat. But because he is incapable of adhering to security procedures, hard though he tries, he is not given a security clearance. The result is that he is denied access to ideas which he himself thought up. Wait till the American Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Scientists hears about *that* one!

The Shadow of Suez

The trained Communist touch in Nasser's conduct is seen especially in the timing. This rests basically, as Communist operations always do, on a political estimate. The Kremlin strategists quite evidently advised Nasser that the West is at this conjuncture unable to make a firm reply. A firm reply would run the risk of military action, and would have to be backed politically by the United States as leader of the Western nations. But the United States is paralyzed by a general election wherein the incumbent Administration is appealing for office under the slogan of "Peace and Prosperity." The Administration will hardly dare jeopardize its electoral chances by any act that might lead to shooting, even shooting in which American forces would not be directly involved.

It will be recalled that in 1936 Hitler moved his feeble little army into the Rhineland when France, under Sarraut's "caretaker government," was in the midst of a general election campaign.

For four days following the seizure of Suez, the world waited to see whether the sick West, and particularly its leading power, was capable of a vital reaction to this blow at its jugular. What came were shocked protests from Europe; a proposal for one more in the interminable series of "international conferences"—with Moscow, moreover, invited; and, from the United States, the tireless, tiresome call for "moderation," "calm," for the "adjustment of interests." Washington indeed took the lead: in trying to *prevent*, to smother any serious response by the Western nations. Secretary Dulles' vaunted "brink of war" policy, so persuasively presented in print a year ago when applied to events of the past, vanished in smoke when it was brought down to the test of the present.

With Moscow's estimate thus brilliantly confirmed, the preliminary phases of the chain reaction began to crackle:

Item. A student conference in Cairo and the press in Syria call for "internationalizing" of the Panama Canal.

Item. Lebanon violates its solemn contracts with the Transarabian Pipeline Company by slapping on a confiscatory tax.

Item. Indonesia repudiates its debt (confirmed by treaty in 1949) to the Netherlands.

Item. Talk spreads through the Middle East about expropriation of all the Western oil companies and pipe lines.

Item. Aneurin Bevan, in England, calls for an end to "monopoly" (i.e., Western) control of canals and waterways.

We have here one of those instances in which History lifts the veil of the future. No one hereafter can excuse his failures by pleading ignorance of the future consequences of the canal seizure. The pattern is being openly displayed, in advance.

It is conceivable, of course, that even the best-laid calculations—and those of Moscow-Nasser are exceedingly well laid—may go awry. In Communist reasoning, there is always a mechanical element that can be upset by a vital force. The Communists are convinced that Britain and France *cannot* act independently because a) they are "dependencies" of finance-capitalist-imperialist America, and b) they have an unbroken postwar record of withdrawal and capitulation—including withdrawal from the Suez bases, which led of necessity to Nasser's move. It would be "illogical," "irrational," for the nations that had withdrawn from India, Indochina, Morocco, Ceylon, suddenly to balk when Egypt merely dots the i's on a sentence already written.

But men are sometimes irrational, and it may be that in spite of Cairo and Moscow and Washington, France and England, finally compelled by Nasser to face their own future stripped of its illusions, will decide to reassert their right, and the right of Western civilization, to survive.

Is this, then, the ideal occasion for a "showdown"? Certainly not—and the "ideal" occasion never comes. It is far from ideal; very bad, in fact. The issues are muddied, the costs must be large (though general war is, by good fortune, virtually excluded), the Western procedure is sure to be clumsy, the chance of a clear-cut solution of all the diplomatic and juridical problems is nil.

The occasion is poor even for the minor, inconclusive showdown that firm action now would constitute. Only this may be said: poor as this one is, the occasions of the future will be—progressively—worse.

For the Good of the Party?

A ukase from a youth group formed several weeks ago to promote, ostensibly, the political fortunes of Harold Stassen illustrates the tactics of the movement to replace Nixon.

Several weeks ago, an energetic young man called H. Brooks Baker, who is president-elect of the undergraduate body of Trinity College, launched a movement called "Young Americans for Eisenhower First, Stassen Second," issued documents that emphasized the similarities between Harold Stassen and the rising sun, and urged the Republican Convention to seize the historic opportunity open to it by awarding Mr. Stassen at *least* the Vice-Presidency.

Another document was authored by Mr. Arthur J. Phelan, Jr., freshly graduated from Yale University, who is vice chairman of the group, and is a young man of premature caginess. The document in question is marked NOT FOR DIRECT QUOTATION; and a personal appeal to Mr. Phelan failed to elicit permission to quote directly a paragraph from it which, under the circumstances, we proceed to paraphrase:

> When you go about agitating for Stassen (Mr. Phelan instructs his followers), stress the fact that you and the movement of which you are a part are pro-Stassen, not anti-Nixon. It's true that there is a great deal of anti-Nixon sentiment, but we mustn't appear to be involved in it. Just stress the fact that we are pro-Stassen. Anti-Nixon people will seek *you* out; don't worry.

Two weeks after this memorandum was written, Mr. Stassen announced his support of Governor Herter. But not, we now learn, before talking with Mr. Baker, who promptly volunteered to forget about the unique qualities of Mr. Stassen and go along, more or less transferring his organization into an "Eisenhower First, Herter Second Movement," and without blinking an eye. Not that Mr. Baker or his associates dislike Nixon, understand; it's just that Herter has so many excellent qualities.

Why don't they—*and* Mr. Stassen, *and* the *Washington Post, and* those genteel people so worried about Dr. Gallup's six per cent—take off their ballet shoes and join under the banner, United Americans Against Nixon? That is what holds them together. They dislike Nixon because he is not a certified Liberal. They don't want a *free* convention, they want a convention that will turn down Nixon. They will welcome any effort by political bosses to tyrannize the delegations—in the way Dewey tyrannized the New York delegation four years ago—if such efforts prove necessary to impose their will upon it. If *anything* is clear these days it is that a genuinely free convention would pick Nixon. The thrust of

the activities of the Vice President's enemies is to frustrate the will of the convention, not to give it its head.

Yet with it all, they are careful not to criticize Nixon; for they are realistic enough to know that in all probability they will end up working under him after San Francisco; and he might even be President one day, in which case, as Mr. Kendall observed in his column some months ago, he might, if provoked, be tempted to do to them what Plato threatened to do to the poets, i.e., take them down to the gates of the city and show them out.

The movement that affects no animosity toward Nixon, but is animated by nothing more than that, is not only hypocritical, it is unjust: for it becomes impossible for Nixon—or his supporters—to answer his accusers, to defend himself against their insinuations. Against such odds Mr. Nixon will have to work, not only in the next ten days, but in the next months during which, predictably, the animus against him will not graduate to the status of specifications, but will remain a tonal thing, that sneaks its way around, from whisper to whisper, and is sublimated by incantations on The Good of the Party.

Nor Long Remember

Senator Taft was a staunch, stiff, dry man whose political philosophy rested on certain great principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. Throughout his long career in the Senate he adhered precisely and even literally to those principles; and after a few years, the legend centered on the uningratiating, pickle-pussed, stolid Republican grew, and took hold; yet even his enemies, in moments of frankness, conceded that a colossus was in our midst.

Taft was one of the few officeholders in the age of public relations who never adopted the charm-school approach; yet, defying all the rules, term after term, this unusual man, who never spotted pie in the sky, or counted chickens in the family pot, or cars in the family garage, was re-elected to the Senate by the people of Ohio. For the discouraged conservative, Robert Alfonso Taft is ineradicable proof that it was recently possible, and may yet be possible, to win support from the people at large for a man who trades not in hopped-up and erotic political visions, but in truth, and honesty, and realism.

About a year ago a group headed by the distinguished General A. C. Wedemeyer set out to raise the money with which to construct the modest monument to Senator Taft's memory authorized by a special act of Congress to be raised on Capitol Hill. The amount necessary to complete the project is, we learn, about two hundred thousand dollars. Yet the money isn't coming in. Hundreds of those who, during Taft's lifetime, basked under his political and intellectual protection have declined to participate in any gesture of posthumous gratitude. Others have ignored the request to honor the man they idolized.

How does one explain this casual shrugging off of one of the few men of principle this century has produced? In his case the conventional explanation is not enough, for during his lifetime Senator Taft was a prophet with honor in his own land. But in his last and greatest race he was defeated; his dour integrity was out of place—the professionals ruled—in a contest which for twenty years had been won by easy promises and practiced pleasantries. The defeat in which he climaxed his career and ended his life augured the difficulties that lay ahead for the men who wish to honor that career and that life. The gift of money for a Taft monument involves, after all, an act of faith in principle; and principle, these days, is in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes.

Calling All Intellectuals

Sherman Adams, it is revealed, has designs on the egghead vote. The *New York Times* reports that he—and, of course, the President—have made plans for "working quietly in the intellectual community this election year to break the Democratic Party's long monopoly of 'eggheads.' " "The case being put to the intellectuals," it is reported, "is that this Administration, contrary to their [the intellectuals'] expectations, has proved itself hospitable to them, has filled important Government posts from their ranks and is taking a new philosophical tack that deserves their support." Accordingly, Mr. Adams is in search of "writers who could argue or articulate Eisenhower Republicanism."

Mr. Adams and his staff are in search of magicians, alas, and we warn them against pressing the search or endeavoring to distill out of Eisenhower Republicanism a philosophy of government. The intellectual in this country has exhibited terrifying weaknesses —moral, human, and intellectual—in the past few decades. But when all is said and done, intellectuals, when properly disciplined, are attracted to order, system, consistency, square pegs for square holes; and Mr. Eisenhower's Republican Party can institute a national search and *still* not raise the talent necessary to the extraction from Eisenhower Republicanism of a coherent and intact philosophy of government.

What are apologists for four years of gas bill vetoes, Genevas, resistance to efforts to limit the treaty-making power, calls for increased economic aid to everybody for everything, aid to Yugoslavia, denunciations

of right-to-work laws, Supreme Court decisions virtually annulling the existence of the several states —and yet, strangely, all this in context of a total attitude toward freedom that is basically preferable to that of the Democrats—what are they to say? What apologists of this regime should and *must* say is that philosophies of government are things of the past, that they have been automated out of existence or something, that they are relics of McKinleyism, or Taftism, or whatever you like. Let the Republican Party be the Party of *no* philosophy, of a day-to-day pragmatism, of a guaranteed-surprise-for-the-voter-every-week. That is the drum the energetic Mr. Adams should beat. . . . And, who knows, if he beats it long enough, and insistently enough, synchronizing it to the beat of the President's heart, the nation's schools may some day yield a *new* kind of intellectual, the kind that can see, in Progressive Moderation, a sublime, a transcendent order. But that can't happen in time for November. So we recommend to Mr. Adams and his friends that they give up this minute, and henceforth devote their attention to terrestrial pursuits.

Checkmate

We were a long time hearing about it (which, since we read the *Times* and *Herald Tribune,* is itself significant), but our hats are off to the representatives of "For America," the DAR, the Catholic Action Guild, and other private organizations for their performance at a Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing on July 11, 1956.

The topic nominally under discussion was Senate Concurrent Resolution 12, which calls for U.S. participation in an "exploratory" convention that might lead to the creation of an Atlantic Federal Union with a common government. But the senators had brazenly substituted for the document on which testimony had been invited a new and far more sweeping version—without notifying anyone to that effect—and, but for the courageous resistance offered by Mrs. A. E. Bonbrake, of Forest Hills, New York, would have obliged potential witnesses either to speak to a resolution they had never seen or to call it a wasted day.

Mrs. Bonbrake's exchanges with Senator Humphrey amounted to one of the best dressing-downs this refugee from the political science classroom ever received, and make excellent reading. As does her article, subsequently published in the *Brooklyn Tablet,* which once again calls attention to the astounding number of American opinion leaders—among them, John Foster Dulles himself—who, in an era of nationalism and separatism, are committed to the idea of integrating the United States into some form of broader union.

Calendar: New Style

A reader calls to our attention the 1956 twelve-page multi-colored art calendar being distributed this year by the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America, whose headquarters are in Chicago. Certain days of the year are, in this calendar, remarkable for reasons other than those for which they are most generally celebrated.

The first of January, for example, is not New Year's Day, but the birthday of Russell Jehnke, "President of Local 556—Meat Cutters." February 12 may be Lincoln's birthday elsewhere, but for members of this union it is the birthday of Joseph Dvorak, "Pres. Local 361"—also of the Meat Cutters. February 22 happens to be a day of especial celebration, for it is the birthday of "David Dubinsky, Pres. Int'l Ladies Garment Workers Union." December 25 is famous for *two* reasons. On that day were born "Capt. Chas. T. Atkins, Pres. Masters, Mates & Pilots Assn." *and* "Roy F. Wentz, Vice Pres. Amalgamated Meat Cutters."

Such a calendar, presumably, is what is meant by a "fringe benefit." The cost of producing it, our correspondent predicts, is sure to work its way into the list of necessaries that go into the construction of the Cost of Living Index.

NATIONAL REVIEW has received a good bit of mail requesting an elucidation of the confusion of several weeks ago involving an organized protest of the appointment of Paul Hoffman to the United Nations. Three questions are, most generally, being asked of us.

1. Can it be that NATIONAL REVIEW disapproves of the organization that sent out the postcard urging action against Hoffman's appointment? Our answer: By no means. We thoroughly approve of the organization; and we admire its co-chairmen.

2. Can it be that NATIONAL REVIEW approves of Paul Hoffman's nomination? Our answer: Our position on Paul Hoffman was made clear in an editorial entitled "Hoffman to the UN" which appeared in the August 1 issue of the magazine.

3. Why, then, does NATIONAL REVIEW object to a private organization of which it approves agitating against the nomination of a man of whom it disapproves in a communication addressed to the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW? Our answer: NATIONAL REVIEW is a magazine—not a political organization—whose securities are held by over two hundred persons who invested in a magazine—not a political organization; and whose by-laws do not authorize it to participate in corollary political activity, or to extend its facilities to those who are engaged in such activity.

The Campaign

SAM M. JONES

The GOP at San Francisco

Republicans are usually less spectacular than Democrats in their intramural disagreements. It seems likely that the convention in San Francisco will be well-controlled. Barring acts of God, the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket should be nominated in the most polite steamroller manner. It will be an "open" convention in the sense that a reasonable amount of free speech will be permitted, but Joe Martin, a robust man with the gavel, will preserve decorum, and run the show the way the President wants it. This does not mean that Mr. Stassen will be deprived of his big moment. Although he is not a delegate, and therefore not entitled to speak (or to anything except a seat in the gallery), the management will waive the technicalities so that he may sing the praises of Governor Herter and place his name in nomination for the Vice Presidency. Mr. Nixon's friends will also be articulate. The gallery can be depended upon for the incidental music of cheers and boos. After the convention, after the tumult and the shouting, some delegates may wonder whether it was worth the travel to ratify a *fait accompli.*

Maybe it won't turn out that way—but it looks like that in prospect.

Eisenhower's Popularity

Until a few short weeks ago most political reporters believed that President Eisenhower would be re-elected regardless of what might happen to his Republican colleagues running for House and Senate. Today the outlook is somewhat different. The experts now believe he *may* win but they expect a horse race, not a shoo-in. Something has happened to the legendary popularity: something has opened the door to doubt.

In the opinion of this reporter, based on travel in many states, Eisenhower's political strength, prior to the Stassen revolt, had been slowly declining. The transition was not reflected in polls or other media because there was no opportunity for an expression of public opinion, no chance to determine how the voters were reacting to the cumulative shock of disturbing events.

Ever since the President's heart attack there has been an erosion of public confidence in Mr. Eisenhower's capacity to continue in the Presidency. The ileitis operation contributed to this trend. But the electorate was concerned only with the question of the President's physical ability to carry on—until the Stassen revolt. That was another matter, a different kind of shock. It brought the President's judgment and leadership into controversy.

Is he really in command, or is he acquiescing in the demands of ambitious subordinates? Is he losing his power of leadership? These and similar questions are being asked throughout the country. The President's refusal to discipline Stassen may not be of great consequence, but it is a debit item.

Governor Langlie

The Republican Convention keynote speaker, Governor Arthur B. Langlie of Washington, is conceded better than a fighting chance of defeating Senator Warren G. Magnuson in the coming election. Langlie has several claims to fame. For one thing, he was elected Governor on the Republican ticket back in 1940 when the Democrats were enjoying a landslide. Langlie's most significant contribution to the present national political picture, however, goes back to 1952 when, at the Conference of Governors which immediately preceded the Republican National Convention, he proposed the "fair play" amendment to the convention rules. It provided that delegates whose qualifications were contested could not vote on the seating of other delegates until their claims were established. Most of the contested delegates favored Senator Taft. The Langlie "fair play" formula, endorsed by all the GOP Governors, was the beginning of the end for Taft. Using this instrument, propaganda and parliamentary dexterity, Governor Dewey and his associates swung the convention to Eisenhower.

Field Reports

Correspondence and long distance conversations with competent grassroots reporters reveal a changing perspective on several states. There has been a resurgence of Republicanism in Indiana, to the extent that Senator Homer Capehart's chances of re-election seem good. His opponent, former Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard, is considered a relatively weak candidate and the GOP, after a long internal quarrel, is closing ranks. In Michigan, Republican realists believe they have an excellent chance of electing a governor. Albert Cobo, Detroit's mayor, has considerable Labor support as well as an outstanding record in administering the affairs of the state's largest city. His spokesmen admit, however, that they are counting heavily on an improved condition in the automobile industry by mid-September. As previously reported, Everett Dirksen faces a fight for re-election in Illinois, and the exposure of corruption in the state administration could hurt the entire Republican ticket; but current estimates give odds on the Senator. Ill health may force former Senator Millard Tydings to abandon his attempt at a comeback in Maryland. His Republican opponent, John Marshall Butler, who won Tydings' seat in 1950, is a heavy favorite, partly because of unhealed wounds left over from the Democratic primary fight. Senator Millikin's decision to retire, rather than fight for re-election from a wheel-chair, gives the Democrats an unexpected chance of picking up a Senate seat in Colorado. Conflicting reports from Ohio indicate that the Lausche-Bender contest may be close. There is an upturn in economic conditions in the Buckeye State which tends to favor the GOP. In the O'Neill-DiSalle gubernatorial race, Democratic candidate DiSalle is reported to be making gains in such enemy strongholds as Hamilton County (Cincinnati), but the over-all picture still indicates a victory for O'Neill.

Bait for the Homesick

The Soviets are on a violent fishing expedition among escapees, reports the author, who secured first-hand information while he was directing the South American Mission of the Catholic Relief Services

WALTER DUSHNYCK

A few hundred meters east of the second boundary line between free and captive Berlin, at Behrenstrasse 65 (back door to the Soviet Embassy) is the headquarters of the "Committee for Return to the Homeland." It is the center of an activity extending to all countries of the free world where refugees from Communism have found asylum; an activity which has been greatly intensified since the Summit conference at Geneva and reflects the meaning, to the Soviet participants, of the "Geneva spirit." It is carried on by a network of Soviet propagandists, spies, *agents provocateurs* and assassins, and its aim is to secure the redefection of refugees from Communism through persuasion, terrorization and even physical coercion.

The man who directs this drive is Major General Nikolai F. Mikhailov, Soviet security officer and *agent provocateur*. His history is instructive. In 1944 he was captured by the Nazis and sent to a series of POW camps, including Dachau. While there he served his captors as an informer, and many Soviet anti-Communists were executed by the Gestapo in consequence of his activity. Liberated by the U.S. Army in Bavaria, he assumed the halo of martyrdom, joined the Soviet security forces and promptly appeared in the U.S. zone of Germany. There he compiled thousands of dossiers on prominent anti-Communist refugees. Through UNRRA and other U.S. and UN agencies, he also attempted to intimidate refugees and displaced persons into returning to their former homes behind the Iron Curtain. In 1947 he appeared in Italy where he tried unsuccessfully, through the Italian Communists, to "repatriate" the Ukrainian Division (some 11,000 men) which had fought alongside the Germans on the Eastern front and had surrendered to the British Army in Austria.

The members of General Mikhailov's Committee include typical representatives of the Soviet bureaucracy—a Stalin Prize winner, a few scholars and engineers—but not a single representative of workers or collective farm members. Moscow has tried to make it seem representative by including members from Ukraine, Estonia, Georgia, Lithuania and Latvia. Some of these are "redefectors" and are presented as well "readjusted" since their return.

World-Wide Espionage

After the Geneva Conference the Committee received large sums of money and unlimited powers to speed up its campaign. With a vast network of secret agents and front organizations at its service, it has become much more than a "repatriation" center. It is, in fact, a world-wide center of training for espionage, with probably the best mailing list and register of political exiles in the world.

Since January 1, 1956, at least 1,158 refugees (exclusive of East Germans, Poles from France and Yugoslavs) have returned behind the Iron Curtain, according to General William J. Donovan, former OSS chief, who headed an emergency investigation commission for the International Rescue Committee last winter. The exact number of those who returned could never be ascertained, but considering the time and circumstances under which they redefected to Communism, even a small number constitutes a gigantic victory for the Soviets. Each of the returnees is exploited throughout the Communist and neutralist world before he disappears into oblivion.

Two years ago it was a rare phenomenon for a political émigré to consent to go back to the Soviet dictatorship. In the last few months several hundred refugees have returned to Communist countries from West Germany, Austria, Great Britain, France, the United States and Canada; and hundreds more have returned from Latin America. Today we witness such men as Hugo Hanke and Stanislaw Mackiewicz, both anti-Communist ex-Premiers of the Polish government-in-exile, returning of their own volition to Communist-dominated Poland. Other much publicized "redefectors" are the Russian Igor Pitlenko; an obscure 76-year-old Ukrainian Socialist, Joseph Krutiy; Shalva Maglakelidze, a Georgian; and Vladimir Vassilaky, a Russified Ukrainian (whom, unfortunately, some ill-informed American anti-Communist leaders were trying to build up as a "Ukrainian federalist leader" to oppose genuine patriots seeking Ukrainian independence).

The scale and intensity of the "redefection" campaign betrays the deadly fear in which the Kremlin holds all refugees from Communism. The Communists know that their people hate and fear them, and they are desperately anxious to prevent the West from learning this truth, to which every refugee is a living witness. For example, a German official who accompanied Chancellor Adenauer to Moscow last year was told by a Kremlin official that anti-Soviet refugees are a sharp thorn in the Politburo's side. Hence the (recently recalled) Soviet Ambassador in Bonn, Valerian Zorin, was instructed to press the Bonn government for the "repatriation" of some 100,000 refugees from the USSR. The campaign is not only defensive; it is part of the Soviet offensive against Western strength and solidarity.

The so-called "moderate" course of the Soviet leaders since Geneva has aided the Mikhailov Committee's drive. History repeats itself. It was during the "moderate" course of Communist rule in the NEP period (1922-24) that the Soviet Government proclaimed an amnesty as a result of which from 150,000 to 200,000 political exiles returned to the USSR. Many of these returnees met "Soviet justice" in the cellars of the GPU or in exile to Siberia. Their sole crime was their stay abroad.

With Western Aid

The Allied powers made possible Moscow's greatest "redefection" success. On February 11, 1945, by signing an agreement which provided for the return of nationals to their home countries, they gave the Communists *carte blanche* for a relentless manhunt throughout Western Europe. Some 5,236,130 persons were returned to Communist control, and of these 2,229,552 were turned over by the Allies. The "repatriation" was accompanied by beatings, kidnappings and assassinations. Displaced persons often resisted, but Soviet security forces, assisted by Allied units, forced them to board box cars at gun point. Many committed suicide rather than return. Most of those who were forcibly repatriated were "resettled" in Siberia or Turkestan.

When this postwar harvest ran out, the Kremlin had to plan a more astute and far-sighted program. The objectives of the new campaign are:

1. To use the returnees as propaganda evidence that the capitalist world has no place for Eastern and Central European nationals, so that others will not want to escape to the West. Also, to condemn the Western world for purported "abuse and exploitation" of the escapees.

2. To kill hope and discourage the resolution to resist Communism which still is strong behind the Iron Curtain. To break the resistance movements in the Soviet Union and the satellite countries which are represented and symbolized by anti-Communist refugees in the free world.

3. To soften and confuse the ranks of refugees on this side of the Iron Curtain, in order to disorganize the powerful anti-Communist and anti-Russian force they represent.

Moscow's Honeyed Words

Dear Countryman:
The Committee has been sending you the newspaper "For the Return to the Homeland" for quite some time now. It would give us pleasure to know how the contents of the newspaper suits you and others of our countrymen. In all probability you and your friends know of the amnesty order of the Presidium of the . . . Supreme Council. Write us how the views and attitude of people have changed in connection with this order. We will be very grateful to you for that.

Do you listen to the Committee's broadcasts, broadcast every day from 10 to 20 o'clock, Mid-European time, 332 meter wave length (or 904 K H z)? What is the reception where you are? What suggestions do you have for these broadcasts?

If you have not as yet decided to return to the Homeland, tell us what are the objections: we will answer all questions. The Committee can also help you find friends and relatives in the Soviet Union so that you can correspond with them.

Awaiting your reply, with sincere greetings

President of the Committee
N. F. MIKHAILOV

As part of its "campaign of persuasion," the Committee sends out radio appeals and publishes newspapers and pamphlets. Its principal publication is a monthly newspaper, *For the Return to the Homeland*, printed in the Russian, Ukrainian, Byelorussian, Lithuanian, Latvian, Estonian, Georgian, Armenian and Azerbaijani languages. The satellite countries — Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Albania—print their own monthly publications in their respective languages. These publications are mailed to an extensive roster of refugees in Europe, the United States and South America. Their tone and content are much the same. The newspapers appeal to national pride, paint rosy pictures of the home countries and of prosperity under the "new order," try to dispel any fear of punishment for desertion to the "capitalist camp," and dwell on the senselessness of being "scum on the capitalist garbage dump" while the "loved ones are waiting at home with outstretched hands to receive their dear ones." The amnesty decrees promulgated in the USSR and the satellite countries are featured.

A substantial portion of these newspapers is devoted to personal stories of returnees, depicting "horrors" they have experienced in the West and their "fast and successful readjustment" in the homeland. A few letters are from potential redefectors. News items have included an account of the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party and a report on the visits of Khrushchev and Bulganin to Southeastern Asia and Great Britain. International events are interpreted with the usual anti-American slant.

Floods of personal mail have been relayed to refugees in the United States, Canada and South America through the Committee. Some of the letters appear to be genuine, and these usually contain veiled warnings not to fall for the "come home" propaganda. Others eulogize the Communist regimes and the "welfare" and "progress" they have achieved.

The Committee itself sends letters to refugees from the USSR, including the three Baltic states. Recently some five thousand such letters were sent to Estonians in this country. A translation of the standardized letter form signed by General Mikhailov appears in the box on this page.

Some of the refugees who are on this sinister mailing list fall into such a state of fear and depression that they actually think of returning home. Suffering often from economic and psychological insecurity, they are especially subject to this kind of threat and pressure. The growing certainty that there is no escape from Communist agents is demoralizing. There is also the fear of reprisal against relatives and friends behind the Iron Curtain. For example, the jailing and torture of the father and brother-in-law of Monsignor Bela Varga, President of the Hungarian National Council, who refused to return to Communist Hungary, have had their effect on the Hungarian refugee community in the West.

The far-reaching arm of the Mikhailov Committee extends also to South America, where it has succeeded in reaching a substantial number of emigrants from countries of Eastern and Central Europe. The Argentine-owned vessels *Entre Rios*,

Salta, Santa Fe and *Corrientes* have been carrying hundreds of Russian, Ukrainian, Lithuanian and Byelorussian emigrants from Argentine and Uruguay to Odessa as part of the Moscow-financed "come home" operation in this Hemisphere.

The conditions in which most Iron Curtain refugees in South America have been obliged to live are favorable for Communist exploitation. Because of the widespread poverty, they have found few opportunities and have failed, as a rule, to become integrated into Latin-American life. The local governments have not encouraged them to become citizens, or provided schools for their children. Incredibly, there is no international organization to help them withstand Soviet pressure and propaganda.

South American Strategy

The campaign in Latin America is an important part of this Soviet onslaught against the free world. During World War Two, Moscow had a field day for propaganda and infiltration in the strategic countries to the South of the United States. As an "ally" of the Western powers, the Soviet Union had ample opportunity through its Latin American embassies and legations to foster Communist ideas among the dissatisfied and unadjusted European emigrants. After the war, Moscow began to put pressure on these emigrants to return home. Through sheer ignorance and through intimidation by Soviet agents, hundreds of prewar emigrants from Eastern and Central Europe had accepted Soviet passports for fear of being persecuted by local governments as "undesirable aliens." Some of these returned to the USSR immediately after the war, but a good many remained in South America with the stigma of "Soviet agents" and "Communists." No one knows how many of them are innocent victims of Soviet intimidation, and how many are real agents and Communists.

Today the Soviet embassies in Buenos Aires and Montevideo, the two remaining legal outposts of Communist ideology and conspiracy in South America, have stepped up their campaign for return to "the homeland." Soviet Ambassador Georgi Resanov in Buenos Aires has set himself an ambitious goal—to repatriate some 30,000 by the end of 1956. This he hopes to accomplish with the aid of satellite legations, particularly those of Poland and Czechoslovakia, which are recognized by Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay. All the familiar propaganda tricks are being used: assurance that all will be forgotten and forgiven when the emigrants come home; dissemination of propaganda in Russian, Ukrainian and the languages of the satellites; presentation of national concerts, dances, music festivals and motion pictures, to which South Americans as well as refugees are invited; receptions at the Soviet and satellite embassies.

In August 1955 the writer made 47 tape-recorded interviews with Iron Curtain refugees in Brazil for the purpose of combating the Soviet redefection campaign. These interviews, conducted in eight European languages, were effectively used by the Voice of America. Significantly, one nationality group from São Paulo refused to send its refugees to record their experiences in a free country. Their leader explained why:

"An impressive number of emigrants from my country refuse any collaboration with American authorities because of their present policy of appeasement and friendship with the Soviets; because they failed during the Geneva Conference to raise the problem of countries behind the Iron Curtain; and in general because our country was sold out to the Soviets at Geneva in no lesser degree than it was at Yalta and Teheran. . . . It is difficult to find arguments to convince our group to the contrary. In talking with them I have often heard statements to the effect that only Adenauer could speak up to the Russians in strong terms, therefore he achieved greater results than all the allies together, who, despite so many diplomatic defeats, still handle the Russians with kid gloves and are continuously slapped in the face. . . ."

Such bitter disillusionment with the present policies of the Western powers is typical of the overwhelming majority of political escapees everywhere. They had come to consider the United States as a bastion of freedom and their ally in the struggle for the liberation of their enslaved countries. Since Geneva, they feel let down. That is one reason why some are willing to return to hated dictatorships at great personal risk.

Another reason is the personal hardships that anti-Communist refugees have suffered in the West. Very often they must wait in camps for years before the free world decides what to do with them. Rightly or wrongly, anti-Communist refugees have a "hero" complex, and are exceedingly sensitive toward the methods our authorities apply to them. The *Tuapse* escapees are an example. They complained that they were put in shabby tenements in Paterson, New Jersey, which reminded them of their miserable life in the Soviet Union.

It is held—and rightly—that our government cannot interfere with refugees once they have made up their minds to return to their countries of origin. But surely what we can and should do is to prevent Moscow from carrying on its campaign of terrorization in our midst, and to better the lot of anti-Communist refugees here and in the countries where we exercise influence.

The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Mr. Berle Thinks it Through

July 1956 was Let's-Remind-Ourselves-of-Latin-America month for the Liberal propaganda machine. The machine did not, to be sure, work at it very hard. But besides keeping up routine operations on the Galindez case, and calling attention to the fine Liberal sentiments expressed by the Presidents of the American Republics, it made space available in the *Reporter* and in the *New York Times Magazine* for two articles on why we have got to *do* something about Latin America, something Liberal and expensive of course, or else pass the rest of our lives being sorry we didn't. And it got the articles written by a Real Expert on Latin America—Adolf Berle, Jr., who was once Ambassador, no less, to Brazil. To him, therefore, we must turn for the nearest we have to a Liberal line on what he calls the "Continent of Problems." The chances are, of course, that the machine will promptly restore Latin America, *except* for the Galindez case, to its normal oblivion, so that Mr. Berle's line will not be effective. Meanwhile, no harm will be done by our having a look at it, and learning from it what we can.

The Western Hemisphere is the "core of the free world." Soviet foreign affairs officers fully understand this, are determined to smash its "historic unity," and might, unless we supply the Latin Americans the "leadership" they require, succeed in doing so. It behooves us, therefore, to get the main facts about Latin America, including the kind of leadership it requires, clearly in mind.

The facts are, quite simply, these. "Most" of Latin America's 170 millions (Mr. Berle has not been polling them, but he has, as we shall see, good sources of information) have their minds made up to achieve in ten or fifteen years living standards comparable to ours. It took the U.S., of course, fifty years to achieve those standards, and before that, another fifty years of capital accumulation, but the Latin Americans cannot afford such "luxury of time."

Take Bolivia, for example, which is in the "full throes of a proletarian revolution." "Production does not meet popular demands: inflation of the currency is proving no solution. Productivity must be brought up to meet the new requirements. . . . Has the United States leadership [capital, perhaps?] to offer?" The Bolivians' "proletarian revolution" is "fundamentally an assertion by some millions of Andean Indians that . . . [they] are on the way into the twentieth century," and it is the same thing, more or less, everywhere you look:

"The fact is that the forces of liberal democracy [can he mean that the forces of liberal democracy are those of proletarian revolution?] are now dominant in most of Central and South America, and are powerfully organized where they do not hold actual power. They are in contact with each other." They know, moreover, that their several countries cannot, each of them, "hope to maintain its economic life on the basis of its own national real estate"; and what they would really like—so that at last we find out for sure what leadership means—is a "real hemisphere organization which will deal with economics, and perhaps [!] also defense, as a whole."

A "real hemisphere organization for economics" will need capital; the Latin American countries, except for Mexico and two countries, Venezuela and the Dominican Republic, where the forces of liberal democracy are certainly *not* in control, are capital-starved; so the capital, necessarily, is going to come from the United States. (Naturally enough, therefore, all the Latin Americans who have heard of the idea are enthusiastically in favor of it. Capital accumulation through saving is *such* a dreary and time-consuming business!) Economic leadership, in a word, is ever-increasing foreign aid—of, as Mr. Berle goes out of his way to insist, a non-military character. And we are reminded that, as this column continues to point out, increased foreign aid is the one thing on which the Liberals won't, because they can't, take No for an answer.

There is, however, another kind of leadership the Latin Americans want (or, to use Mr. Berle's favorite verb for such statements, "demand") which he keeps coming back to in his *Times* article, and seems always about to put into words, but never quite gets around to defining. And it, because of the light it throws on what the Liberals are up to in Latin America, and because they might conceivably talk a Dwight Eisenhower into doing something about it, is by far the more interesting of the two. These liberal democratic forces that are dominant in Central South America, it seems, are worried about the kind of leadership they can expect from the U.S. up on—of all things—the level of principle! They want to know, and soon (and, it seems, if they don't find out, will turn to the Soviet Union, which will sure-enough give them some principles to get their teeth into) "what political and philosophical forces the U.S. relies on."

As for themselves (this *will* come as news to all the Latin American experts except Mr. Berle), the Latin Americans are interested in the "free development of human beings," and the "dignity of man," which they want "realized," and never mind by means of what particular economic system. They can, in short, take free private enterprise, or leave it alone. In politics, however, they are on the choosy side: "They are struggling against a handful of surviving dictators, whom they regard as remnants of a past era. They believe, probably unjustly [!], that Secretary Dulles is committed to the dictators." And they are watching us "like hawks."

On this side, then, leadership becomes a matter—Mr. Berle doesn't say it, but what else could he mean?—of the U.S. taking sides *against* those governments which, if they had their way throughout the Hemisphere, would deprive the Communist movement of its last operating base on this side of the Atlantic; and *for*, no doubt, any government which, like that in Bolivia, is innocently conducting a "proletarian" revolution.

The Suicide of Wealth

The capitalist no longer knows how to spend money in splendor, says Mr. Schlamm. But the passing of Maecenas is the end of capitalism

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Capitalism, the most productive social system devised by man, is dying before our eyes. But so strong, in truth, so humanely effective is capitalism that no conspiracy of assassins and no subversive onslaught could ever kill it. It is killing itself.

Whereas the trouble with socialism is socialism, the trouble with capitalism is the capitalist. The capitalist, I propose to show, no longer understands wealth. (And capitalism is nothing but a system for creating wealth.) The capitalist is embarrassed by wealth or no longer knows what to do with it. Either predicament is serious enough, but if the two coincide (as they so manifestly do in this era of our discontent), the crisis is deadly.

To put the diagnosis succinctly, our society has a good bone structure, an excellent digestive tract and a most adequate circulatory system. But it exudes, in its own orbit, a suffocating "atmosphere of hostility" (Professor Schumpeter's term). Our society, in short, is healthy but not lovable. And so it is dying. For no society can stay alive that does not manage to create its own myth of splendor. Man is born to celebrate creation. In a society that no longer celebrates (or, even worse, frowns on celebrating), he will turn, first numb, then hostile.

I am, of course, speaking of the capitalist's indifference to the whole area of non-marketable life experience which, as it happens, is the decisive life experience. It is also his indifference to the young, the burning, the sensitive. Much contempt has been heaped upon the contemporary intelligentsia (in my "Arts and Manners," for instance), and most of it deservedly. Yes, there is a great deal of moral feeblemindedness and human disloyalty in the modern intellectual; and who would ever simulate patience with either defect? But who can deny that an objective virus is loose in our society that produces these subjective perversions?

Even if socialist propaganda were as scintillating as it is leaden, and as clever as it is naive, it still would not explain the animosity that surrounds capitalism in the separate worlds of art and science. It is a poisonous and perhaps incorrigible animosity. The stupidly self-righteous may continue to reassure themselves that it is all the effect of sheer verbiage and clever agitation. Those of us who have an appetite for survival refuse to fool ourselves. Where others suspect mere verbiage, we sense causes; and where they are impressed by the foe's allegedly magic powers, we are impressed by our own pathetic shortcomings.

High Profits, High Spirits

What are these shortcomings? What is it that drives the young, the burning, the sensitive into hostility against capitalism?

A future Gibbon of America's decline and fall may fix, with not too much facetiousness, the exact date of the demise of American capitalism: the day when an unusually obtuse Board of Directors announced (in the forties) that the Metropolitan Opera would have to pay its own way.

Opera, of course, never has. Nor has any other self-justified or devotional act of pleasing the soul or the senses. For a great number of centuries, no matter what social system reigned, the wealthy took the deficit economy of arts and letters absolutely for granted and considered giving patronage not only the responsibility but the very justification of the rich. The idea that cultural efforts ought to be self-supporting, if not outright profitmaking, is startlingly new. It is also atrocious. Moreover, it is suicidal. A civilization in which it occurs seems a poor insurance risk.

For only Marxians, whose obsession with economic determinism narrows life's vision beyond repair, are prepared to deny that the purpose of a society is to produce, not low-priced goods, but high spirits. Libraries, theaters, cathedrals; schools, gymnasiums, retreats; parades, carnivals, processions; meditations, philosophies, theologies; songs, poems, tragedies—they are neither luxuries nor leisures of communal life. They are its essence. If man is denied rapture and splendor, he will either wildly revolt or sadly die. And no one needs the experience of magnificence, of color, of exhilaration, more than the poor. That they have ever found these essential experiences in work is debatable; to expect them to do so in mechanized mass production is folly.

And, in a significantly twisted manner, our society *does* acknowledge that truth: an ever-growing portion of the national income is spent on the rapidly expanding instrumentalities of leisure and (by the widest stretch of the term) arts. Among them, radio-television, movies, liquor, tobacco, gastronomy, fashions, cosmetics, tourism, sports, publishing, betting, etc., etc., are not only the business closest to America's heart, they actually cost the nation more than steel, coal, cotton and wheat *combined*. Add to this the national budget for schools and churches, and the people of America end up spending more on pleasing their souls and senses than on all the so-called necessaries of life.

Now the significant twist is this: the rules of the market, without the slightest mutation, have penetrated the area of "escape." It is exactly

the same concept of profit and loss, the same subjection of nuance to mass, of taste to impact, of values to numbers. Yet it is by no means understood, either logically or historically, that one and the same set of economic rules should reign in both the realm of material production and the realm of celebration. In fact, the opposite is demonstrable.

In Rome, bread had to be sweated for, but the circus was free. The theater of the Christian Middle Ages was a gratuitous part of communal worship. The painters, musicians and scholars of the Renaissance were patronized members of noble households, and learning was pursued, in every sense of the word, for God's sake. The sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—from Erasmus to Voltaire—considered the most lavish patronage of arts and sciences a bargain price for the wealthy patron's admission to glory. But with the advancing nineteenth century, the accountants began to take over. And, in the twentieth century, they have obtained full and deadening control.

There is here a genuine dilemma: the bigger the volume of "cultural" activities, the less room for munificence. Maecenas, it seems, belonged to a society which could not conceive that there *was* money in Euripides, Michelangelo, Mozart. But the modern stage *can* make millions, Hollywood *does* a billion-dollar business, publishing on air and paper *is* a major industry. And once "culture" has become such a substantial segment of the market economy, prevailing economic habits *will* arrogate the control of culture. Exit Maecenas.

Gloom or Glory?

That much is true. And yet, the dilemma must be resolved. For the malaise is spreading, and the creeping disgust that has overcome the sensitive minority has begun to suffocate capitalism. A society's view of itself, and thus its life expectancy, depends on its teachers and writers and poets and musicians—not on any "inexorable laws of economics." The enthusiasm (or the nausea) of the sensitive few enters, through millions of delicate arteries, the whole body politic. In Western civilization, the intelligentsia has always been one of the truly ruling classes. In the age of mass literacy, and mass communications, it has become the ultimately decisive factor.

Part of that modern intelligentsia is indeed perverse and would betray our civilization even if it were wholly admirable. But by far the larger part of our intelligentsia merely responds —violently, blindly, emotionally (in short, unintelligently)—to the capitalist's indifference. Yet (and this makes the situation so much worse) it is not just indifference. It is, I think, a profoundly disturbing confusion that prevents our rich from spending their money with a sense of splendor, in the service of glory. It is such a disturbing confusion because it is deeply rooted in the formative origin of capitalism—its religious motivations. Capitalism indubitably originated in the somber philosophy of Calvin. Ever since, a gloomy sense of self-denying thrift has interfered, paradoxically, with the exuberant results of capitalism.

The successful businessman, paragon of our civilization, is childishly anxious to create this public image of himself: he works longer hours, grows fatter ulcers and has less fun in life than most other people. The definitive mark of having arrived, it seems, is the usually truthful disclosure that a tycoon hasn't had a vacation in umpteen years. But if this self-representation wins credence (and it does), capitalism is doomed.

For, to perpetuate itself, a society needs above all eager candidates for the elite. And as the elite, in a market society, must be reproduced anew in every generation, our society's survival depends on the intensity with which the ambitious young drive towards the top. But who on earth should want to succeed, once the measure of success has become ulcers, the sixteen-hour day, and no vacations? (The sad news gets around rapidly: recent surveys have established the fact that the best students among our young college graduates prefer the moderately feathered niches of corporate mediocrity to the traditional American gamble on the possibilities of self-employment.)

The time has come, it seems to me, to rewrite Veblen. What this puckish satirist mistook for a silly corruption of our economic system, ought to be recognized as its vital force: Nothing, I contend, has proved more fatal to American capitalism than the disappearance of "conspicuous waste."

Even in J. P. Morgan's day, only forty years ago, a young man of robust appetites had quite stimulating reasons to envy and to imitate success. It must have looked delightful to take thirty friends on a four-month surprise cruise to the Mediterranean, on the spur of the moment, or to spend exactly two minutes on a decision to build three units of a new medical center. (See Frederick Allen's amusing biography of J. P. Morgan.)

The Wonder of Flowers

I, for one, have no doubt that the 5,000 tulips and 12,000 lilies of the valley the Rockefellers plant every year in the concrete of their Plaza do considerably more for the promotion of capitalism among New York's proletarians than the "institutional advertising" in all metropolitan papers combined—and certainly more than Nelson Rockefeller has accomplished in twenty years of serving the Fair Deal. This is so because the flowers stand for "conspicous waste": lilies of the valley are not supposed to pay their own way. Their social function is to heighten our spirits and to make us thankful for being alive. The most wonderful thing that can happen to a "class-conscious" toiler in New York is to inhale the fragrance of lilies of the valley at the Plaza. He may then even take a second look at the glories of a society that can afford the wonder of flowers.

But it is difficult to recall many such examples of gratuitous corporate munificence. And the apology for that dearth is, of course, the confounded Income Tax: no longer do the rich keep enough earnings to spend in splendor; and no new fortunes can be accumulated. All this we have learned to take for granted. But we should not. For the statistics and inflections of this axiom are wrong.

For one thing, there is today more private wealth than in Morgan's day; and there are more millionaires. The size of, say, the fifty largest fortunes may have shrunk individually; but it just isn't true that the splendid spenders of yesteryear were nabobs: Morgan, for instance, left an estate of little more than ten million dollars. No doubt, though the number

of private fortunes continues to grow, their annual income after taxation is anything but spectacular; yet where does the book say that "conspicuous waste" must be confined to net income only, and never touch the capital?

Indeed, one of the most fallacious obsessions of contemporary millionaires is that with the "integrity" of their estates. By preserving their fortunes for their heirs they actually deprive society and themselves (and their families' name) of glory. Besides, they deprive their heirs of cash. For, quite sensibly, inheritance taxes are considerably higher than the special taxes a man has to pay who, in order to raise cash for splendid purposes, liquefies some of his capital assets while he is still alive. And if he doesn't, if he abides by his fallacious obsession, the Treasury is going to get his money.

How Pretty Is a Million?

But there is an even more important consideration. If we want to recover some of the climate that, *ante* F.D.R., favored the accumulation of wealth, the *relevance* of wealth—its superb and essential contribution to the high spirits of society—must be felt again throughout the land. How else can we expect the almighty voter to discipline his natural selfishness? He will go on electing New Deals and Fair Deals and Ike Deals, whereby the "have-nots" seem to be getting a few unearned nickels from the "haves"—unless a privately accumulated million looks attractive again to *everybody*. Unless, that is, the million adds luster and color and gratuitous beauty to our lives. And that means that privately accumulated millions must no longer hide behind the gray anonymity of institutionalized, "scientifically" run philanthropy —the depersonalized, dehydrated foundations where no one has fun and no one gains glory but the faceless foundation bureaucrat.

It is precisely the acute political danger, the massive advance of collectivism, that should compel the capitalist to recall the magic faculties of money. For modern mass-man, exactly in the situation of Tantalus, is constantly being teased: he is not only being persuaded that all the latest marvels of luxury are his for the reaching, he is also being persuaded that no self-respecting person could do without them. Yet when he greedily reaches out, the marvels recede. Tantalus, indeed.

But the gods of mythology who sentenced Tantalus to this situation of extreme torment were intelligent gods: they understood that Tantalus, to be kept safely chained, must be denied the means of obtaining the bait. Tantalus, for instance, had no universal suffrage. But modern Tantalus *has!* He has thus been given the power to change, as he pleases, all rules of the game and to loot the castle. The most amazing fact in this setup is that our society has not yet fully suffered the notorious fate that overtakes the careless teaser. But it just isn't safe to bank forever on the restraint of the voter. To keep him from going berserk he must be shown that private wealth, entrusted to the sensitive few, does more for everybody than socialized mediocrity can do.

The munificence of the rich, in other words, is a sane strategy of defense. The prevailing mood of anemic thrift, of dull prudence, of sterilized anonymity, is suicide. For we are fast approaching the point of no return—the terrible moment when the last capitalist will have forgotten that the meaning of capitalism was the enjoyment of wealth. When that moment comes, there won't be a soul left to defend an atrophied system.

I and others have discussed the silly somersaults of those who advocate public subsidy of the arts. But I surely did not mean to underrate them. For the claim and the urgency of the sensitive, of the creative minority, will always prove stronger than the arithmetic of the accountants. The enterpreneurs in the culture business insist that the structure of their enterprise forbids any concern for the first-rate; and they are absolutely right. The first-rate, the delicate, the difficult, is unprofitable. It can live only outside the market. It is extra-economic. It is a way, not of making, but of spending money. It must be courted, cultivated, patronized. And this is either the job of the wealthy, or it will be the job of the parasites who always succeed those who feebly abdicate leadership—the political bureaucrats. The first-rate, in other words, will be subsidized either by the rich or by the state; but it *will* be subsidized.

Why the first-rate should *not* be subsidized by the state is self-evident: simply because it would soon cease to be first-rate. Also, a society that drives the first-rate into state guardianship is altogether doomed: man, who is *not* determined by economics, will inescapably be bored by a system that has lost its exuberance and its sense of splendor. And whenever man is bored, he goes in for revolutionary mischief.

Spend in Style—or Die

Maecenas, in short, is the authentic synonym for the rich: the rich cannot refuse to be Maecenas. They can only refuse to stay rich. Not being rich, in defending capitalism I am confined to persuasion; that is, all I can do is to reassure the rich that the safest and most pleasant way of protecting their money is to spend some of it in cavalier fashion, in aristocratic fashion, in Maecenas' fashion—in other words, in style. Lack of style will turn out to have been the malignant malady of capitalism.

The amazing and quite unbelievable thing is that the pursuit of glory would cost so much less than the drive toward suicide. An annual expenditure of three billion dollars, distributed by Maecenas, would supply the economic premises for a Periclean age in America. Yet three billion dollars is no more than five per cent of our corporate profits before taxation.

With the expenditure of five per cent of corporate profits (before taxation), the American theater could be freed from the indignity of Broadway; America's artists and sculptors would be challenged into feverish productivity; our poets and writers would lose their last excuse for selling their souls to the textile merchants; our scholars and scientists could stare at the naked truth to their hearts' content; and lilies of the valley would spring up from the concrete of our ugly cities.

A dream? No, a program for realistic action. I know of no more realistic program. Yet I also suspect that the contemporary capitalist will go on growing his ulcers in self-imposed drabness. He is a suicide. And we must all die with him.

Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Not So Strange Case of Iceland

How could it happen that free and unfettered elections in Iceland, the oldest democracy, resulted in the demand for American evacuation of the island? This question, in all likelihood, can only be answered by somebody who knows the Icelandic tragicomedy inside out. But I have hunches, and when I visited Iceland half a year ago, there was little doubt in my mind that the anti-American eruption was bound to come.

Benefiting from the Gulf Stream, Iceland is relatively warm and rainy; large areas have insufficient snow for skiing in winter. Yet the summers are so cool that trees thrive only in isolated spots and vegetables only in hothouses (usually heated by natural hot water from the geysers). The highly educated population, though it speaks Old Norse, seems to be of predominantly Celtic origin. Short, stocky people with black, curly hair and blue eyes are by no means rare. This is a race gifted for poetry, superstitious, headstrong, yet easy-going and little concerned about the future. Imagine a Lutheran Ireland on volcanic soil and you have Iceland.

Iceland was once the poorhouse of Europe, ruined again and again by foreign invasions (from Moroccan pirates to Danish administrators) ravaged by famines and earthquakes, dreading all alien influences and establishments. Its ancient parliament was restored under Danish rule in the nineteenth century. After 1918, only the Crown united Denmark and Iceland. And in 1944, while under American occupation, Iceland abrogated King Christian's rule and declared itself a Republic.

When the Nazis attacked Norway, the British fleet appeared before the defenseless island, dispatched an ultimatum, and enforced capitulation. Soon thereafter Iceland was handed over to the Americans.

The American army in Iceland became for a population of only 150,000 a human problem of first magnitude. The Icelanders revenged themselves by selling their fish catch for exorbitant prices to Britain and by enriching themselves on occupation dollars. Thus the Icelanders have today the highest living standard in the world. (Prices in Reykjavik are 30 to 40 per cent above those of the United States.) For Iceland's financial reliance on America did not end with the war: the Red menace reaffirmed the island's strategic importance.

Occupation Unpopular

In the last fifteen years, Iceland has changed from a nation that used to live in mud huts with wooden reinforcements to a nation that dwells in one-family homes of concrete, drives around in shiny American cars, and dresses and eats as does no other people in the Western world. When I listened to the Icelanders' objections to the "dishonorable continuation of the American occupation," I usually reminded them of the material amenities that accrue from it. Yet this argument made not the slightest impression. If the Icelanders have to return to the living standards of their grandparents—perhaps even to the mud-huts—they will do so with a nonchalance and an indifference which is quite "un-Nordic."

How deep-seated and ingrained their dislike for the foreigner actually is, I felt upon my arrival when a state official warmly gripped my hand and congratulated me on being an Austrian. "You too have fought against the Danes!" he exclaimed. Yet that little war of 1864 is something most Austrians have forgotten; and those who have not are hardly proud of it. This staunchly Lutheran country's national hero is its last Catholic bishop, who was beheaded by the Danes for resisting the Reformation. It does not matter that he defended a faith only three out of a thousand Icelanders adhere to; the essential thing is that he was martyred by the Danes, by "foreigners."

But, of course, there is also Communism in Iceland. The people who scurry in and out of the Soviet Legation opposite the huge Catholic Cathedral of Reykjavik are by no means men and women in rags. More likely they drive Chevrolets and eat three-dollar steaks. Iceland is the living proof that the craving for totalitarianism is not necessarily the result of misery or illiteracy. (There are no fewer than 42 bookstores in Reykjavik, a city of 60,000 people, and almost every middle-class home has a room that is stacked with books from the floor to the ceiling. Indeed, a smattering of learning is the most excellent breeding ground for Communism. For Communism is what Alexis de Tocqueville once called a *fausse idée claire*—a clear but false idea.)

It Can Happen Again

Iceland shows what can happen elsewhere in Europe. Whenever there is an interplay of national provincialism, naive optimism, and historic resentments, plus the tradition of basing foreign policy on the instincts of the masses, the same trouble will break out in every other part of the West.

All the satellite governments, in spite of their dissents, are united by the Communist ideology, and they all revere in the Kremlin their spiritual and intellectual center. The free West is allegedly pledged to the democratic dogma but, as a matter of fact, the continuation of a government with a set policy seems incompatible with "sound democracy." The inability to make long-range plans, or to carry them out, is a handicap in resisting an enemy who displays such a high degree of permanence and tenacity in purpose.

American policy in Western Europe first supported governments that displayed a maximum of political democracy. After bitter experiences it then shifted to governments which, though democratic in form, had statesmen of a slightly autocratic disposition at their helm. Finally, with reluctance and a bad conscience, the U.S. approached non-democratic and authoritarian nations. The defection of Iceland, the "world's oldest democracy," and the military talks in Madrid pitilessly highlight this evolution.

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

A Conscious Conservatism

"We are all conservatives now." That is the impression one receives these days from a perusal of the scholarly and critical journals and the magazines of opinion. The curious part of it is that the avowals and the advice in most cases boil down to pure conformity: true conservatives will shun the backward look and conserve what is—the revolutionary structure created by the New Deal.

Such a conservatism is, of course, ideally suited to the needs of the temporarily satiated Liberals in this, their hour of consolidation. The idea no doubt is one they might have worked out for themselves; but it is unfortunate that they have been aided in their campaign of semantic confusion by a certain lack of clarity on the part of some sincere and serious champions of conservatism.

Opposite Tendencies

The root of the difficulty, it seems to me, has been the failure to differentiate between what Lord Hugh Cecil calls "natural conservatism," the continuing piety of men living in untroubled times, and the more militant conservatism of conscious principle demanded of those who would stand against the wave of the present in a revolutionary world.

"Natural conservatism," that universal human tendency to hold by the accustomed, to maintain existing modes of life, is a continuing and deep-rooted characteristic of all men at all times. This natural tendency and its opposite, equally natural, human characteristic, the impulse to break new horizons in the deepening of truth and the heightening of values, are held in just proportion as long as men of all conditions believe, each at the level of his understanding, in the same transcendent Ground of truth and value, eternal and dynamic.

But when, through whatever cause, this unity in tension is riven, when the dynamic takes off into thin air from its foundations in the perpetual rhythms of life—in short, when a revolutionary era shatters the unity and balance of men's world—then, after a little, another kind of conservatism is born. It is not and cannot be the same as that uncritical acceptance, that uncomplicated reverence, which is the essence of natural conservatism. The world of idea and symbol and image has been turned topsy-turvy; whatever incidental good, in the way of clearing away stiffened anachronisms, may have been done, the life-streams of civilizations are inevitably cut off, dispersed.

Conservatism in a Revolutionary Era

It is now that conservatism in the sense of a philosophical, a social, a political mode of consciousness—what we may call "conscious conservatism"—comes into being. Its consciousness is a reaction to the rude breach the revolution has made in the continuity of human wisdom. It is called forth by a sense of the deep loss that such a cutting off brings about. It cannot now, perforce, be the natural conservatism towards which it yearns. The world in which it exists is the revolutionary world. To accept that, to conserve that, is to accept and conserve the very denial of mankind's long-developed understanding, the very destruction of achieved truth, which is the essence of the revolution.

Nor can it appeal simply and uncomplicatedly to the past. The past had many aspects, all held in measured suspension. But the revolution has destroyed that suspension, and the delicate fabric can never be recreated in the same integral association. Moreover, the revolution is itself the product of some of those aspects carried ruthlessly beyond the modifications in which the integral balance held them.

The conscious conservatism of a revolutionary or post-revolutionary era faces problems inconceivable to the natural conservatism of a pre-revolutionary time. It cannot simply affirm. It must select and adjudge. Its conservative character arises from the fact that in its selection and its judgment it bases itself upon the accumulated wisdom of mankind over millenia, and accepts the limits upon the irresponsible play of reason which the unchanging values exhibited by that wisdom dictate. But it is, and must be, not acceptance, but challenge. For in such an era, existing circumstances are fundamentally wrong. To accept them is to be, not conservative, but acquiescent in revolution.

This situation has arisen again and again in the history of all civilizations; and, each time, the great renewers have been those who were able to recover true principle out of the wrecked heritage presented to them. Reason—mediated, indeed, by prudence, but in the first instance reason—guided them.

Like Socrates, Plato, or Aristotle, confronting the chaos create by the overweening pride of the Athenian *demos*, or like the conservative statesmen and political philosophers of Europe and America, striving to shore Western civilization against the Jacobinical tide, we do not live in the happy age of a natural conservatism. We cannot simply revere; we cannot uncritically follow tradition, for tradition is rapidly becoming—thanks to the schools, thanks to the outpourings of all the agencies that mold opinion and belief—the tradition of a positivism, scornful of truth and value, the tradition of the collective, the tradition of the overweening state.

The conservative today, like the conscious conservative of every revolutionary age, cannot escape the question, What tradition? However respectful he may be of the wisdom of the past, however reverent of precedent and prescription, that question can only be answered with the aid of reason, the faculty which enables us to distinguish principle, and thus to separate the true from the false.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Arrogant Atomic Elite

MEDFORD EVANS

Congress is representative democracy in action. Atomic energy is the acme of modern science. Are the two compatible?

Congress is also *primus inter pares* of the branches of the government of the United States (a sovereign nation). Atomic energy is the professional trade secret of an international elite. Will these two—the U.S. and the elite—ever assume the roles of principal and agent? And if so, which is which?

Atomic Energy and Congress (University of Michigan Press, $4.75) does not answer these questions. Indeed, since the authors (Dr. Morgan Thomas in collaboration with Robert M. Northrop) depend rather heavily on "interviewees" the majority of whom were on one side in a series of AEC controversies, there are *obiter dicta* which may actually darken counsel.

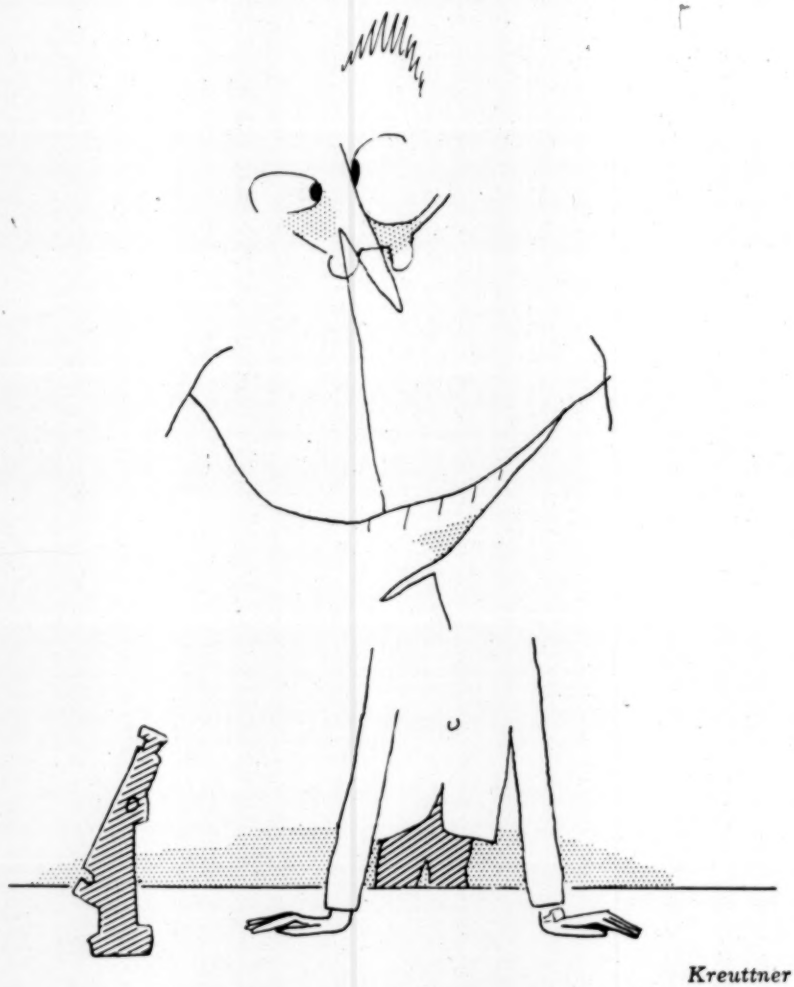
Yet, provided we are not content with it, it is a valuable book. Dr. Thomas, Mr. Northrop and researchers from the Institute of Public Administration at the University of Michigan (with financial support from the University's Phoenix Project) have produced a history of relations between Congress and the atomic energy establishment for the critical years of 1947-1955. It doesn't tell the whole truth; but it does tell the truth.

In May 1949, Senator Bourke Hickenlooper charged AEC Chairman David Lilienthal with "incredible mismanagement" of the atomic energy project. The resulting investigation was followed by the President's announcement of an atomic explosion in Soviet Russia; and this announcement by the then secret H-bomb controversy (which President Truman resolved on January 31, 1950, one day after Klaus Fuchs was arrested in England). David Lilienthal's resignation was effective February 15, 1950.

Dr. Thomas draws two conclusions from his analysis of the Hickenlooper investigation. On the charge of "incredible mismanagement," he says, "there is no doubt that the Senator failed to prove his case." And a few pages later: "An indirect result of the inquiry . . . was the departure of David Lilienthal." Hickenlooper *did* fail to prove his case, but he brought out facts which caused many persons to think that the case *could* have been proved. It is Hickenlooper's fate never to appear very clever but always in earnest. Mr. Lilienthal, in contrast, was extremely clever.

Senator Hickenlooper made two essential mistakes: Though he was not personally "after" Lilienthal, he did put the blame on Lilienthal; and he thought the incredible management was due to incompetence.

The Majority Report of the Joint Committee, in October 1949, pointed out that Lilienthal was not personally responsible for the management of the atomic energy program. This was correct. But when the majority



Kreuttner

"It isn't that we scientists think we're better than other people. It's just that we're in a good position to make things pretty uncomfortable for everybody if we don't get the privileges and immunities we're after!"

went on to rest the responsibility in the five members of the AEC collectively, this (though legally correct) was probably further from practical reality than Hickenlooper had been. The effective management of the atomic energy project has been pretty well represented by the General Advisory Committee, and often represented with astonishing adequacy by Robert Oppenheimer.

Oppenheimer has usually had enough scientific proxies in his pocket to dominate any group on atomic energy. Dr. Thomas notes Oppenheimer's "great persuasiveness." It has often been noticed. It is variously attributed to genius, histrionics, hypnotism and a good press. But in any case, it involves the adherence of an awful lot of important people.

Senator Hickenlooper assumed that the incredible management was *mis*management from the point of view of the real managers. But Robert Oppenheimer was not only running the show; he was running it the way he *wanted* it to be run. Dr. Oppenheimer's attitudes have often been incredible; but given them, Lilienthal's management was effective.

Perhaps the most important victory which the United States has scored since V-J Day was the revoking of Robert Oppenheimer's security clearance. Not so much because he should no longer have access to restricted data—though that is important—as because it was a necessary preliminary to getting the reins of management of the atomic energy project into responsible hands. It was as vital to remove Oppenheimer as it once was vital, in another country, to remove Rasputin. Senator Hickenlooper did not understand that in time. Perhaps Lewis Strauss profited by Hickenlooper's experience. At any rate, Strauss did what needed to be done.

There *is* an atomic elite. (I am not speaking of a cabal or a plot, but of a recognized group.) International in origin and composition, it includes numerous native Americans who are generally anti-chauvinist and often pacifist. It has made a bargain with representatives of the American populace: atomic weapons in return for protection and support of the elite. The elite do not approve of what the populace want the weapons for. Consequently they are tempted not to deliver the weapons—if they think they can get by with it. Also, they have other things they want to do with the time and money. Thus they object to any system which either requires them to deliver the weapons or interferes with their spending the time and money as they see fit.

Systems of inspection to determine whether the elite are fulfilling their side of the bargain have been established by the Congress in some depth. But all these agencies the elite have eluded or captured. The first two AEC Chairmen, though not *of* the elite, were by it and for it. (For a while the second one—Gordon Dean—seemed to be independent; but he came round.) The Military Liaison Committee has never done much. The General Advisory Committee has always been of, by, and for the elite. The first Chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy fought them, but was defeated; the current Chairman (Clinton Anderson) is in their leading strings. The House Appropriations Committee offered for some time the toughest resistance, and in 1949 was about to get a purchase on the reins, but the announcement of the Soviet bomb blasted it loose. The FBI collects a lot of information, but not much comes of it.

The elite tend to think it wrong to use atomic weapons; and they tend to think national sovereignty is a wrong idea. Accordingly, it is expecting a lot to expect them to permit the use of atomic weapons in the interest of national sovereignty. They will, rather, think it the lesser moral evil to have deceived the taxpayers.

While we argue about the size and cost of our Air Force, we wrap the atomic bomb in red tape from which no Air Force can be certain of disentangling it in an emergency. That red tape is called "custody procedures"—and don't think the "custody procedures" are an empty formality. The elite put them in there, and the elite are serious. If they thought the Air Force, in an emergency, could easily get atomic bombs from the AEC, they would yell their heads off. I am sure the top military think that the present custody arrangements *are* workable. But if it should turn out in a national crisis that the elite had been more subtle in self-assertion than the top military, it would not be the first time.

F.D.R.: Sanctus

Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox, by James MacGregor Burns. 553 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. $5.75

James MacGregor Burns is professor of political science at Williams College, where sons of the *haute bourgeoisie* are taught to despise the system that made their papas rich. He has a Ph.D. from Harvard, and he has produced a work of hagiography which is devoid of intellectual honesty.

Prof. Burns performs all the prescribed rites of the Roosevelt *cultus*, as set up by Henry Steele Commager, Basil Rauch, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and Clinton Rossiter; but his is a work of sanctification, not deification. The Liberals cannot forgive Roosevelt's failure to consummate the revolution when he had the country on the brink of the precipice. And, indeed, Mr. Burns deplores his Fabianism, his dilatory and ineffectual efforts to subjugate the judiciary and purge Congress, his fearful concern for the political consequences of his acts, his failure to "build a liberal coalition and a new party" consisting of "less privileged farm groups, masses of unorganized or ill-organized industrial workers, consumers, Negroes, and other minority groups." He seems to believe there was merit in the characterization of Roosevelt by Herbert Hoover as a "chameleon on plaid," and by Justice Holmes as "a second-class intellect but a first-class temperament."

"But," writes Prof. Burns, "to stand back and look at the man as a whole, against the backdrop of his people and his times, is to see the lineaments of greatness—courage, joyousness, responsiveness, vitality, faith, and, above all, concern for his fellow man."

For all his "deviousness," we are told, Roosevelt was "basically a moral man in the sense that he felt so intensely the need to do right that he had to *think* he did right." (Hitler also was obsessed by the conviction that whatever he did was right.)

Prof. Burns solemnly ascribes "old-fashioned standards of rectitude" to a President of the United States whose family collected more than $5,000,000 from diverse sources in addition to his own salary and allowances (of about $1,500,000) during twelve years in the

White House. This was the President whose moral principles permitted him to talk over the telephone to a complete stranger, John Hartford (head of the A & P, whose chain store system was threatened with destruction by New Deal tax legislation), and solicit a $200,000 loan for his son, Elliott Roosevelt. Several years after Elliott got the $200,000, putting up stock in a Texas radio network as collateral, Roosevelt sent Jesse Jones to buy the stock back for two cents on the dollar, contending that it was worthless (when actually it was worth about $1,000,000).

The same President approved the Morgenthau Plan to erase Germany's industry, told James F. Byrnes that the Germans should have "only soup for breakfast, soup for lunch and soup for dinner," invited Stalin to propose a toast to the execution of 50,000 German officers, and suggested that he use German slave labor for reparations.

Roosevelt's very name, says the professor, became "the symbol of candor and courage." His speech at Boston on October 30, 1940 ("again and again and again . . . your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars"), was a curious manifestation of candor and courage: Just 22 days earlier, according to the sworn testimony of Admiral J. O. Richardson, Roosevelt had told him that "sooner or later they [the Japanese] would make a mistake and we would enter the war."

Even stranger is Prof. Burns' treatment of Communism in the Roosevelt Administration. Harold Ickes has recorded his belief that the New Deal was "working toward a society of modified Communism." Yet Mr. Burns accuses Representative Martin Dies of "playing ducks and drakes with the issue of communism." Roosevelt, he writes, "put suspected government employees under supervision." This will be news to Adolf Berle, Jr., who was told to "go jump in the lake" when he submitted to Roosevelt Whittaker Chambers' list of Communists in the government. Possibly Harry Dexter White was promoted to Assistant Secretary of the Treasury so he could be kept under supervision. Perhaps Lauchlin Currie (described by Prof. Burns as "the brilliant Treasury economist") was made an administrative assistant to Roosevelt for the same purpose. And no doubt Alger Hiss went to Yalta so that he, too, could be kept under surveillance.

Faithful to the Liberal mythology, Prof. Burns represents Yalta as a "hard-bargaining" conference from which issued a "series of compromises." Roosevelt, of course, compelled Stalin to make important concessions. But "beyond the military and political considerations of Yalta was the supreme accomplishment that Roosevelt wished to present to the world—the fact of Three Power cooperation . . . Later generations, looking back from more tranquil years, might see this as the crowning achievement of Yalta . . ."

A reader of this book, otherwise uninstructed, would never guess that the result of Roosevelt's heroic policies is a world imminently menaced by Communism. CHESLY MANLY

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Inglorious Exit

James Wilson: Founding Father, by Charles Page Smith. 426 pp. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. $7.50

This is the first biography ever written of James Wilson, described here as "one of the principal architects of our nation."

Wilson was born in Scotland in 1742, to poverty and the dour religion of the Scottish Covenanters. A bursarship enabled him to attend St. Andrews, where he spent five years living on the grim diet and in the unheated rooms of the St. Andrews "terner," while laboring at Greek, Latin, mathematics, logic, and ethics. Originally he had intended to enter the ministry, but already news of the Scottish Enlightenment was seeping through, with its promise to substitute earthly happiness for salvation. Wilson listened, and shortly after the death of his father he sailed for America.

Settling in the colony of Pennsylvania, he supported himself for a time by tutoring, but this held narrow prospects for a man of his ambition. A large proportion of the leaders of the early American communities were lawyers, because the settlement of land titles and the work of imposing form on the anarchical frontier gave them immense opportunity. For a fee, the famous John Dickinson took Wilson as apprentice, and before long he was one of the leading lawyers in the colony. When the debate over independence began to gather volume, Wilson entered it with his "Considerations of the Nature and Extent of the Legislative Authority of the British Parliament."

He was a member of the Second Continental Congress and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. In the long and often bitter controversies over the nature of state and federal constitutions, he took a mixed position. He fought "an unceasing warfare against the democratic elements of the Pennsylvania frontier," for which he was denounced, and once almost mobbed, as a "Tory" and "aristocrat." In the Constitutional Convention he stood with Madison, Hamilton, and others for a stronger and more centralized form of government. On the other hand he opposed the filtering of the wisdom of the people through an elite of electors and favored the direct election of both Houses of Congress and of the President.

Along with many leading men of the period, Wilson had an insatiable appetite for land speculation. His share in the Illinois-Wabash Company entitled him to 400,000 acres, and this was but one of several holdings. He also acquired businesses which he hoped to pay for out of future profits. When the panic of 1797 arrived, all came down with a crash.

Wilson had hoped to be appointed the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, but rumors of his financial dealings, which, if not irregular, went far beyond prudence, caused Washington to pass him over in favor of John Jay. He was, however, named

Associate Justice. It is startling to think of this member of the highest tribunal in 1798, in wild flight from his creditors, twice thrown into jail, and dying in hiding in a remote town in North Carolina.

Professor Smith seems to admire his subject as the prophet of a future nationalized democracy. The prophetic strain appears somewhat ominously in the statement that "Wilson knew quite well what the [Supreme] Court might become in time by the quiet but persistent accumulation of power." Credit must be given, however, for a fine piece of biographical research and execution. The facts are marshalled with judgment, and the style at times achieves literary distinction.

RICHARD M. WEAVER

Whose Son?

Man in Search of His Ancestors, by André Senet. Translated by Malcolm Barnes. 274 pp. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. $5.50

In this survey of our origins from the inception of life on this planet to the emergence of modern man, Senet gives an able and entertaining, if somewhat unsystematic, report of the results of modern palaeontological studies. The translation, although not impeccable, is adequate, and this book may well and deservedly become a best-seller. It is not impossible, however, that it may be attacked by reviewers who, for political reasons, may wish to maintain against the weight of scientific evidence the old theory of Hrdlicka, which has become a kind of gospel in this country.

According to that drastic simplification, all mankind is descended from Neanderthal men, who were in turn the direct descendants of such apemen as the *Sinanthropus* and the *Pithecanthropus.* But it now seems beyond question that Cro-Magnon man, the ancestor of our white race, had as competitors in Europe at least two other races; that their predecessors, now collectively called the Neanderthals, belonged to at least two distinct races, both of which may have become extinct without leaving descendants in later times; and that the various ape-men of earlier ages belong to species of which no one may be our ancestor.

REVILO OLIVER

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

Jean Santeuil, by Marcel Proust. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. 744 pp. New York: Simon and Schuster. $5.95

This a "a novel," declares the book jacket, but the title page, less dishonest, keeps mum. Actually, it is a text put together by a French graduate student out of some seventy notebooks in which Proust garnered the straw that his genius, twenty years later, was to spin into gold. It is good to have it in print. On the other hand, this is a collection of youthful, timorous fragments, which can be interesting only to those who already know *Remembrance of Things Past* intimately. To anyone else, it is the year's most unblushing proof that publishers, no less than soap manufacturers, believe in Brand Names.

The Aristocrats, by Michael de Saint Pierre. Translated from the French by Geoffrey Sainsbury. 253 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $3.50

At the crumbling chateau of the Marquis de Maubrun, the King's room, which had been prepared in 1685 for a visit Louis XIV never got around to making, has been kept reverently intact ever since; and the present Marquis is himself no less implacably preserved. His children regard him as a dear but hopeless anachronism, and the novel shows the old boy getting his comeuppance. The most curious thing about this book (a best-seller in France, and a forthcoming movie with Pierre Fresnay) is the clarity with which it reveals audience reaction, A.D. 1956, to the idea of aristocracy: an uneasy mixture of distaste, fear and, barely discernible, nostalgia.

Beowulf, by Bryher. 200 pp. New York: Pantheon Books. $2.75

There is no one writing "historical novels" today, not even Robert Graves, who can purvey the particular "feel" of a past epoch more subtly than the English lady who writes under the name of Bryher. Her new novel may therefore surprise her readers by the ease with which she can work just as delicately in her own century: her Beowulf is not an Anglo-Saxon warrior but a plaster bulldog—the mascot of a London tearoom during the Blitz. And just as *Roman Wall,* Bryher's last novel, evoked the lonely, lurking sense of something coming to an end in third-century Rome, so *Beowulf* captures the tension of something valiantly determined to survive which filled the air of bombed-out London as pervasively and vigorously as fresh-brewed tea.

The Hunters, by James Salter. 244 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.00

The best things in this novel are the landscapes; or rather, the skyscapes. A pilot himself, the author writes about the imperial beauty of the earth from an altitude of 14,000 feet under a dome of crystal air, with the keenness of perfect 20-20 vision. When he looks at human beings, he becomes a little myopic. After 96 missions over Korea, his hero has bagged nothing. Shooting down MIGs being his craft, he feels as desolate and frustrated as the pupil who knows the answers but never gets called on. Then, one fine day, a whole hive of MIGs come at him. And, though he is promptly shot down himself, we are to believe he is fulfilled. Perhaps Mr. Salter should look again.

The Hero with a Thousand Faces, by Joseph Campbell. 416 pp. New York: Meridian Books. $1.45

Once upon a time there were three classes of men: the Hero, who was called on to perform extraordinary acts; the Poet, who sang the Hero's triumph or tragedy to all the world; and the Churl, who watched, listened, and wondered. Today, the Heroes and Poets have gone underground, and with the help of a mutation called the Ad-Man, the Churls sing their faceless indivisibility on a world-wide hook-up. To them, Mr. Campbell's deeply imaginative study of the dedicated hero, from Adam to Zarathustra, will seem safely scholarly. But it is vastly more: a passionately felt testament, which even dares on its final page to assure our "century of the common man" that again, as always, "it is not society that is to guide and save the creative hero, but precisely the reverse."

To the Editor

Social Security

Of all the outstanding articles in the July 25 issue, I was most impressed with John M. Phillips' "They've Got My Number." At last someone has attacked social security where it really needs to be attacked. Someone has pointed out the utter negation of freedom involved in *compelling* a person to be "socially secured" by the government.

Very few persons, indeed, think about social security enough to note the fallacies upon which it is founded. And those few hardy souls who have the temerity . . . to suggest that social security spells socialism, do so largely from the point of view of administration of the system. . . . They fail to emphasize that the most obnoxious part of it all is its compulsion.

I don't want my fellow citizens to lose whatever "rights" they imagine they have acquired to social security payments. But for myself I want to have the right to say No. . . .

Bayside, N.Y. GERTRUDE J. BUCK

Liberal Commentators

. . . We do not agree with a recent correspondent that your magazine "does not read easily." [I wish] that some who sit awed before the Liberal commentators on television would read and digest it.

New York City MRS. PAUL R. GRACE

On Blacklisting

You left one important thing out of your editorial "One-Way-Street Fund" (August 1). It seems the author of the Fund for the Republic's report thinks it was all right to blacklist anti-Communist stars because that movement was "highly informal."

The report states: "It was a question of discrimination and mild treachery and was thoroughly despicable, but it did not involve the solid machinery, the institutionalization and formalization of the literal list of 'unemployables' that have come to be taken for granted in Hollywood . . . . the Communists' 'blacklist' was as elusive an undertaking as a rumor whispered over a luncheon table or a meaningful shrug in a conference room. . . . An anti-Communist actor, say, might have known what was said about him behind closed doors; he might have noticed that his employment was falling off; but how could he ever prove that the reason he did not get a specific job was because of the gossip and scandal his political enemies spread about him—gossip, incidentally, that often had a grain of truth in it?"

Apparently, we nasty anti-Communists are not fair because we are not fighting on the same "elusive" basis as the Communists. . . .

Philadelphia, Pa. GENA ROMA

The Publisher's Report

I want to commend NATIONAL REVIEW, its editor, and its contributors, for the bang-up job of news analysis which it is doing. . . . I wish especially to vote my approval for the job the editor did in repelling the diatribes of John Fischer, Dwight Macdonald and Murray Kempton in the issue of August 1. The style in which Mr. Buckley did this job reminds one of the late Henry Mencken.

There are so many facets and areas of excellence in the magazine that its arrival at my desk brings a yell of delight.

Concordia, Kans. CHARLES A. WALSH

You attach too much importance to the envy of your rivals and are thus doing the one thing for them they cannot do for themselves, and that is, you are attracting attention to them. . . . Nothing pleases insignificance like being pointed out. . . .

My bit of advice: be more conservative, more inflexible, more determined, more critical, not less. . . .

Logan, West Va. FRED HAISLIP

Really Radicals

Why does NATIONAL REVIEW concede to radicals the admirable designation of liberal? My dictionary defines liberal as meaning, among other things, generous, open-handed, not rigorous or literal, open-minded, candid, unprejudiced and favorable to democratic reforms and abolition of prejudice.

If we call a stone a stone, why not call a radical a radical? . . .

New York City A. R. GRAUSTEIN

Sideshows

The many saddened Americans who mourn the passing of the tented circus, are hereby reminded that we still have the United Nations, the Supreme Court, the Fund for the Republic and Elvis Presley.

Hollywood, Fla. CHARLES B. MCDONALD

Book Reviews

Having read Robert J. Donovan's *Eisenhower—the Inside Story* I was interested in the review of this controversial book by Willmoore Kendall, in your July 18 issue.

. . . I was also somewhat amused at a remark of the President . . . in answer to a query about Senator McCarthy: "I will not get in the gutter with that guy." I cannot help but wonder if perhaps the Senator had the same thought about the President —he was cruelly censured for far less "undignified" remarks.

Los Angeles, Cal. ELIZABETH HAMM

Re: *A Republican Looks at His Party*, and Mr. Kendall's review thereof [July 25]—this Republican is looking *for* his Party.

Lakeville, Conn. JOHN W. BUCKLEY

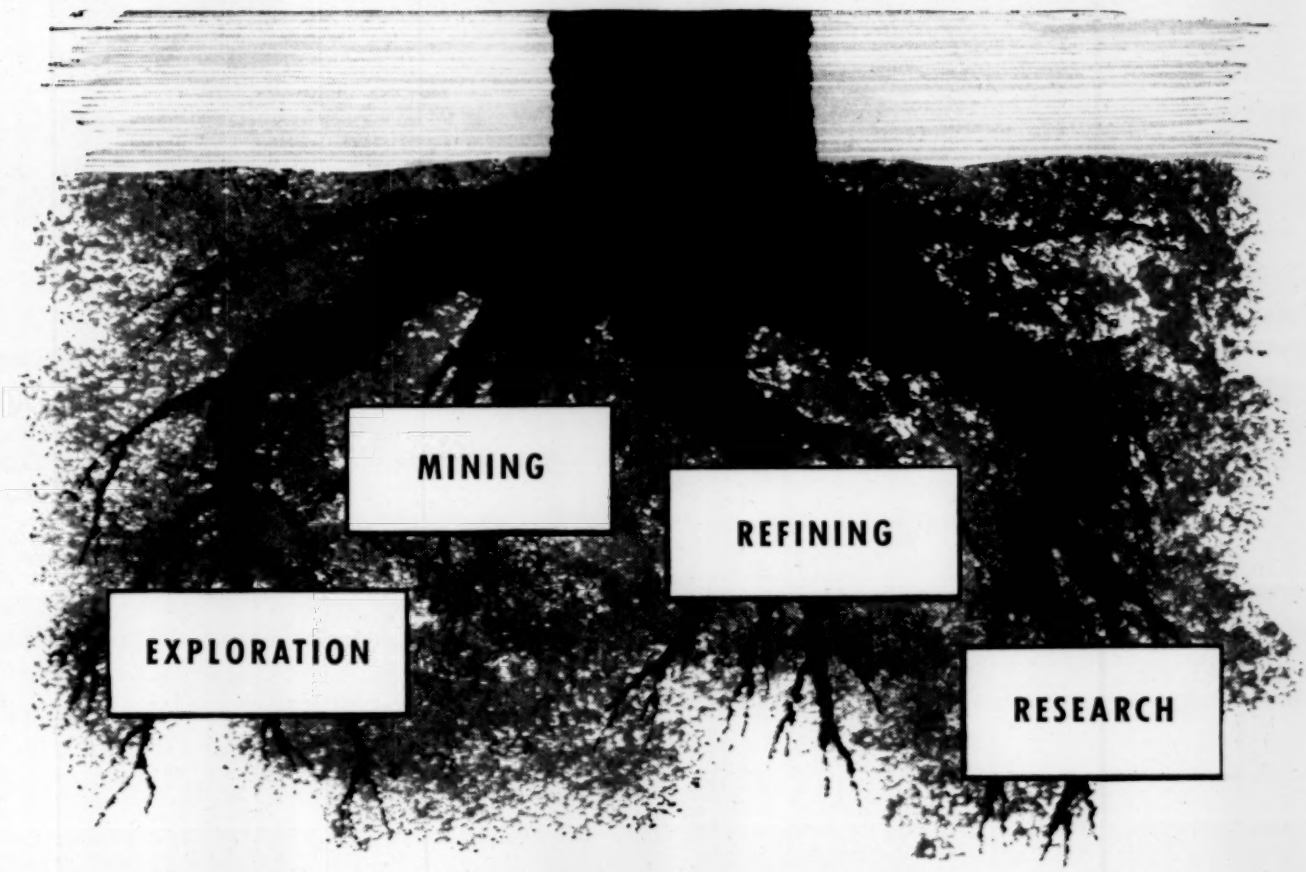
In the . . . July 18 issue Geraldine Fitch reviews Edward Hunter's *Brainwashing: The Story of Men Who Defied It.*

In Mrs. Fitch's final paragraph she quotes one American colonel, who "confessed" to germ warfare and is now in prison. He said to the author: "I would have given my soul to have known those facts."

That last sentence is the key to why our men are brainwashed so easily. Intellect and will are functions of the soul and here is this colonel, in jail for giving up these functions . . . publicly admitting readiness to do so again.

"I have given my soul to know facts" is perhaps the subconscious trouble of our educationists grovelling in empiricism.

Washington, D.C. THADDEUS A. ZYWICKI



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